

Mary Dee.

Around the cottage there was heard,
In spring, the song of many a bird,
But Farmer Dee would, always say,
His sweetest bird he never flew away;
And a voice arose, in childish glee,
So soft, so sweet, 'twas Mary Dee.

Summer came; upon each morn,
Flowers bright and fair were born;
Soon as their beauties would disclose,
In burning bud or blushing rose,
These near the cot would captive be,
By tiny hands of Mary Dee.

Autumn dawned; one by one
The birds their distant flight begun;
Songs ceased within the cot,
A silence came, oh! name it not;
Hushed the voice, once wild and free,
Cold the cheek of Mary Dee.

Winter passed; joyous spring
Did again her offering bring—
Blossom, flower, lovely bird,
Morn and evening songs were heard,
One bird no more you'll see,
Faded, 'tis thy Mary Dee.

Railroad Epitaphs.

"A sudden pitch
From a misplaced switch,
Laid me dead in the ditch."

"Off the track the engine rushed—
Some were drowned, and I was crushed."

"What is life? 'Tis but a vision,
Here I died by a collision,
Twenty more died by the same;
Verdict—Nobody to blame."

"Sister, mother, aunt and me,
Were run over. Here we be;
We should have had time to misle,
Had they blown the engine a whistle."

An Epitaph.

THETFORD Churchyard rejoices in the following matter-of-fact memorial to departed worth:

"My grandfather was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perished with an inflammation in the thighs,
And my sister dropped down dead in the Minors;
But the reason why I'm here interred, according to
my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
If therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or anything
strong."

"Lead Us not into Temptation."

A COURT INCIDENT.

LAW—though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the designs of its legislators, and, in its application, frequently defeats the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances wherein honest juries have given their verdicts conformably to the promptings of justice; and happily, when such decisions have not been too widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the appeal.

We take pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held us spell bound by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 184—we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was court week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to inquire of the offense of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and, by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of

the aged. His young sister—a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—no more!

The lad's employer a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer—had made use of it for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed where, from its very position, the lad would oftenest see it and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased by it. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft! a crime the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making this "little rogue" an example to others, by punishment. His address had great effect upon all that heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, and his widowed mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected aught but conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling, as if in fiend-like exultation, over the misery he had bro't upon that poor, but once happy family.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy—and the youthful appearance of the attorney, who had volunteered his defense, gave no encouragement, as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea, his first address. He appeared greatly confused and reached to a desk by him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to so ennoble the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks—among which we heard a harsh fellow, close by us, cry out:

"He forgets where he is. Thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."

The remark made the young attorney flush with anger, and, turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake by saying:

"Justice wants no other book."

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence he read to the jury this sentence:

"Lead us not into temptation."

A minute of unbroken silence followed, and again he read:

"Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking, and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts.

Then followed an address which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful; the mother smiled

again; and before its conclusion, there was not an eye in the court that was not moist—the speech affecting to that degree which causes tears, holding its hearers spell bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased and those happy words, "Not Guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip; the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there that did not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release!

The lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrance—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

Blessing of the Liquor Traffic.

There are some "fanatical individuals" who are continually moaning about the evils of the Liquor Traffic, and are endeavoring to get a law passed to suppress it. Poor infatuated mortals! They would deprive their fellow creatures of the privilege of getting drunk! infamous outrage on the rights of American citizens! Down with such odious doctrines! Give the people the right to get gloriously drunk when and where they please. Getting drunk helps a man on so rapidly in the world; it renders his family so astonishingly happy, and raises him in the esteem of his fellow men. Besides, Liquor helps digestion—can't get along without it, unless the "fanatics" wish to kill off the human family with dyspepsia.

Then there are the housewives, who know how to serve up rare dishes; are they to be deprived of the necessary ingredients to do it? Are the people to be deprived of rich preserves, pies, &c., to please fanatics? Not the Liquor traffic forever! If people will get drunk constantly, it is no fault of the Liquor traffic, if they could not get drunk, perhaps they would do something worse. The Liquor traffic is not to blame for the faults of human nature, and that man is not capable of self-government.

Who would discountenance the Liquor traffic after reading the following? No sane person would wish to deprive mortals of such luxury, to put the stuff that reduces our fellow creatures to such a state beyond their reach! It is related in the *Daily Times*; the place described is the Five Points:

"During one of the oppressively warm days which we have endured of late, the narrator was called to visit one of the dilapidated and filthy habitations of Cow Bay. He was informed that a corpse lay unshrouded in one of the upper rooms, and straightway proceeded to ascertain whether such was the case. The story was true, and the scene before him was such as to shock every human sensibility. The writer has witnessed the mangled bodies of the living and the dead, mingling, a homogeneous mass, with broken cars and shattered engine; has seen the writhings of the mortally scalded victims of steam-boiler explosions again and again; has viewed, day after day, the scores of dead that lay so long in an advanced state of decomposition on the river's shore at Yonkers, after the burning of the steamer Henry Clay—but never has he witnessed, in a single scene, aught so sickening in all its variety as that which presented itself to the gentleman who gave us the description.

"The building is five stories in height, and its crumbling walls, green from the accumulation of noxious vapors, surrounded by near one hundred miserable creatures of crime and starvation. The room in which the corpse lay is about twelve feet square, and in it twenty wretches, white and black, reside. The effluvia that filled the room when our narrator entered, was most intolerable. The body had been decaying for several days. There it lay, in the corner of the room, a mass of corruption. Near to it were three females, one white and two colored, sleeping the unfreshing sleep of drunkenness. The others, male and female, black and white, were sitting or lying upon the floor, and so stupefied by rum, noxious vapors, and the intense heat, that when interrogated as to how long the corpse had lain in the room, they could not give an intelligible answer. The worthy young man was, notwithstanding the poisonous condition of the atmosphere, determined to accomplish that which he had so laudibly undertaken, and stepping carefully over the 'living dead,' he reached the corpse. It was that of a white woman apparently about twenty-five years of age. She had doubtless been dead several days, for the form and features were discolored and distorted—so much so, that the body could not be identified. The taste that had been displayed in the dress then upon the body, although much faded, betokened that its now loathsome occupant had not been reared in the dens of filth and infamy. The Coroner was notified; an inquest held, and Potter's Field now numbers among its inmates the once doubtless, loved and loving—Unknown."

A Whisky Murder.

On the 1st inst., at Oldtown, Ky., two young men, named Holbrook and Jacobs, got drunk over the social glass, and, as a natural consequence, a quarrel ensued, during which Jacobs shot Holbrook dead! Neither of the parties were 20 years old, and when sober were on the best of terms with each other.

Ohioans may expect frequent occurrences of this kind—they have voted for a continuance of these nurseries of vice and death!

The public mind here, is just now stirred up to a high pitch in relation to the liquor law. Saturday last, six barrels of liquor were seized on a warrant, from one Pat Maher. Resistance was made, and several of the officers were knocked down. A general trial was holden to-day, relative to the matter; and the officers had intimated that a general search for "contraband goods" would be made immediately.

The above extract is made from a letter dated Gardiner, Oct. 18, in the *State of Maine*, (a Portland paper.) The only fact contained in it is that the seizure was made at the time and place specified. Some resistance was offered to the Marshal's aid, and he knocked over a couple of his opponents—that was all. Our readers may judge how reliable the *State of Maine* is as a newspaper. The "cock and bull" story copied above, probably came from one of the ostensible publishers of that paper; he has shown a remarkable facility in manufacturing Kennebec news, during his tour in these parts. The item, as he has given it, is a fair sample of the manner in which that paper treats the Temperance question. Such facts are very appropriate to John Neal's sophistries.—*Gardiner (Me.) Fountain.*

* A large fire occurred at Valparaiso, S. America, on the 1st Sept. destroying property to the amount of \$100,000.